
W I N D S O R :

An O D E.

W I N D S O R :

A D A

to 7000 ft. above sea level

average annual rainfall

about 1000 mm (40 in.)

average relative humidity

11

75% RH

80%

6

12

W I N D S O R :

An ODE;

SACRED TO THE BIRTH-DAY OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

Charlotte, Augusta, Matilda,

Princess Royal of England.

*by Dr Cosins,
Minister of Teddington.*

Auditis ? An me ludit amabilis
Insania ? Audire, et videor pios
Errare per Lucos, amoenæ
Quos et Aquæ subeunt et Auræ.

HOR.

SEPTEMBER XXIX.

1778.

W I N D S O R :
An O D E ;

Sacred to the Birth-day of Her Royal Highness,
CHARLOTTE, AUGUSTA, MATILDA,
Princess Royal of England.

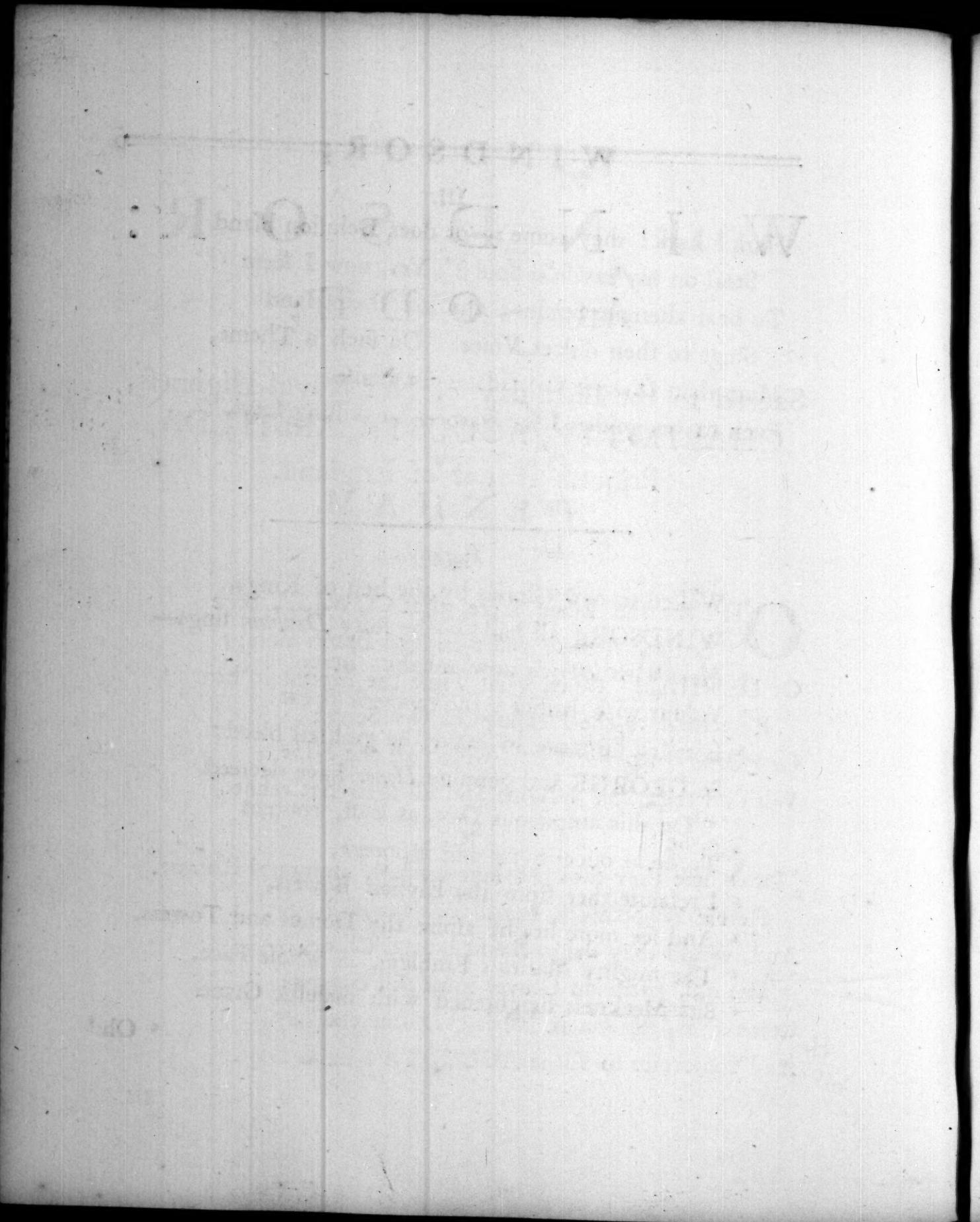
I.

OH ! for the living Lyre, that COWLEY bore
Entranc'd these rushy-fringed Banks along ;
Or DENHAM ! thine, what Time the Mountain hoar
Re-echo'd to the Pleasings of thy Song ;
Or POPE's majestic Verse, which all the Nine
With all their Fire inform, and all their Art refine.

II.

'Twas here they thought, here built th' immortal Rhyme,
Heroic WINDSOR heard their sacred Rage ;
And, would they deign revisit mortal Clime,
Her old, patrician Groves must still engage :
Come then, illustrious Bards ! resume the Lay,
And consecrate to Fame AUGUSTA's natal Day.

III.



W I N D S O R ;

6

III.

Hark ! hark ! they come ;---or does Delusion bland
Steal on my ravish'd Soul ? Yes, now I seem
To hear alternate Strains ; and lo ! their Hand
Sings to their dulcet Voice. On such a Theme,
More than *Olympic* Candidates for Praise,
Each to his golden Lyre warbles his willing Lays.

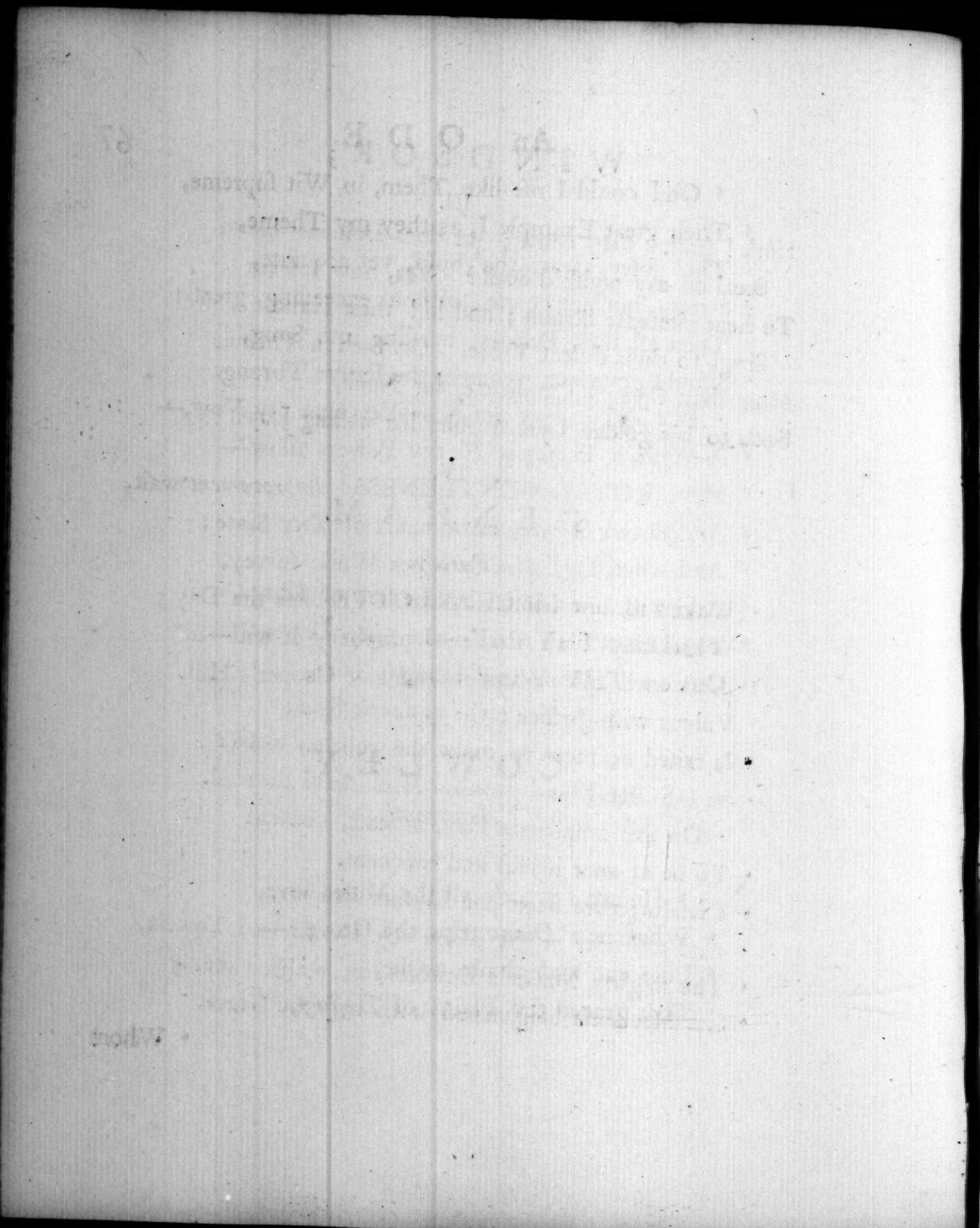
IV.

D E N H A M .

Parody.

‘ Waked to new Glories by the best of Kings,
‘ WINDSOR ! all hail !’---the lofty *Denham* sings---
‘ Mars with *Astraea* now inhabits here,
‘ Valour with Justice ; the *romantic* Spear
‘ Is raised no more to make the guiltless bleed :
‘ So GEORGE and genuine *Honor* have decreed.
 ‘ On this auspicious Day, at least, content
‘ To be at once joyful and innocent,
‘ I resalute thee from the Elysian Bowers,
‘ And see more bright aspire thy Domes and Towers,
‘ The mighty Master’s Emblem, in whose Face,
‘ Sits Meekness heightened with majestic Grace.

‘ Oh !



An O D E.

7

‘ Oh ! could I rise like Them, in Wit supreme,
‘ Their great Example I, as they my Theme,
‘ Tho’ lofty, clear, tho’ bold, yet accurate,
‘ Strong, but not coarse, without exceeding, great ;
‘ Then all their Echoes, bursting into Song,
‘ Should gratulate, at once, the festive Throng.
‘ But ah ! it may not be.—Yet hear my Vow,—
‘ A Wish, a Prayer is all my Powers allow—
‘ May, ROYAL GENTLENESS ! *Improvement* wait,
‘ And sacred *Science*, Handmaids of THY State :
‘ And when *Perfection* shall her Work survey,
‘ And with another CHARLOTTE bless the Day ;
‘ Then may THY Praise—I prophecy it will—
‘ Outlive THY Windsor and my Cooper’s Hill.

V.

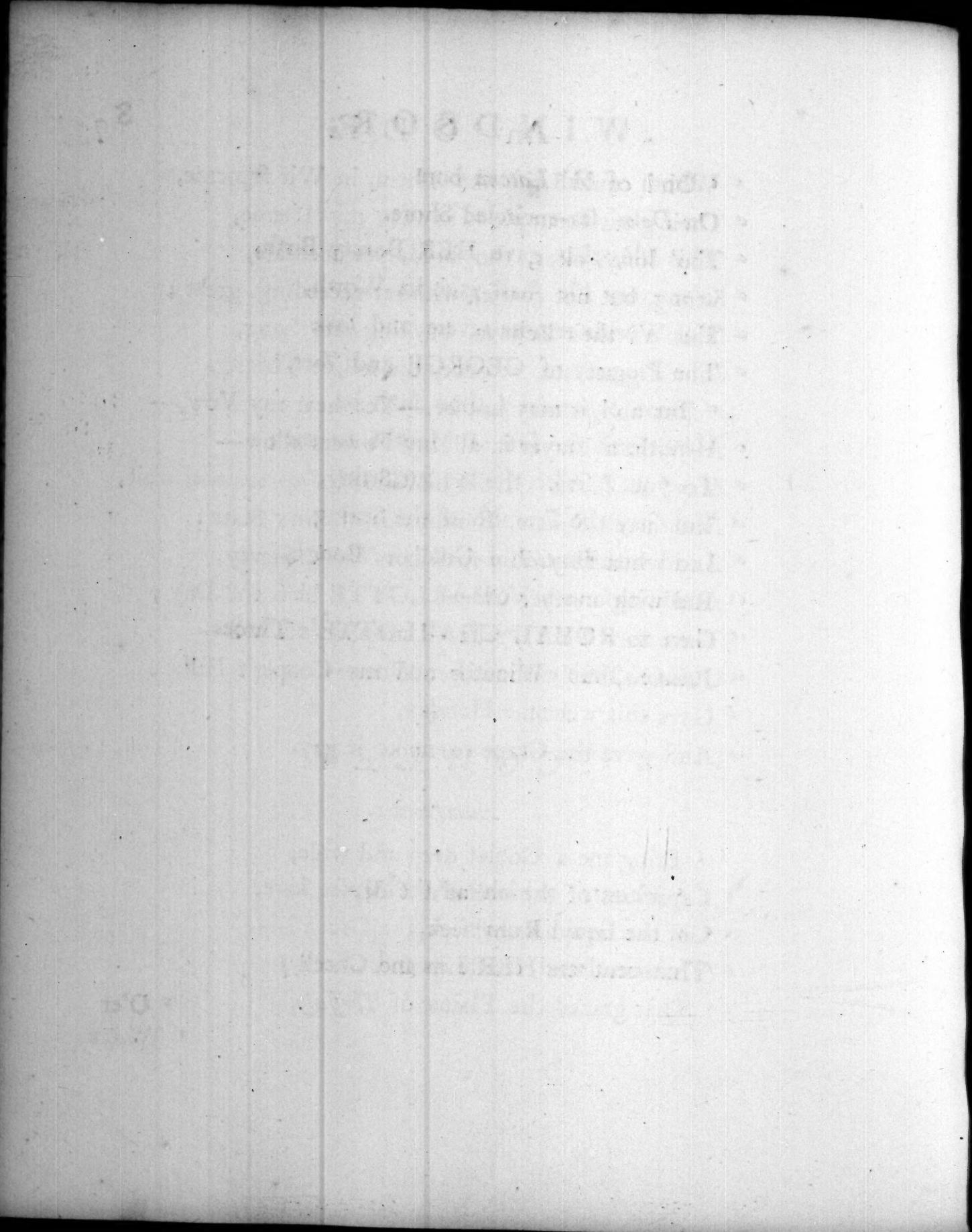
C O W L E Y.

Anacreontic.

I.

‘ Haunts ! which all the Muses love,
‘ What new *Diana* trips the Grove ?—
‘ Innocent and chaste as she,
‘ That graced the Plains of *Beffaly*,

‘ Whom

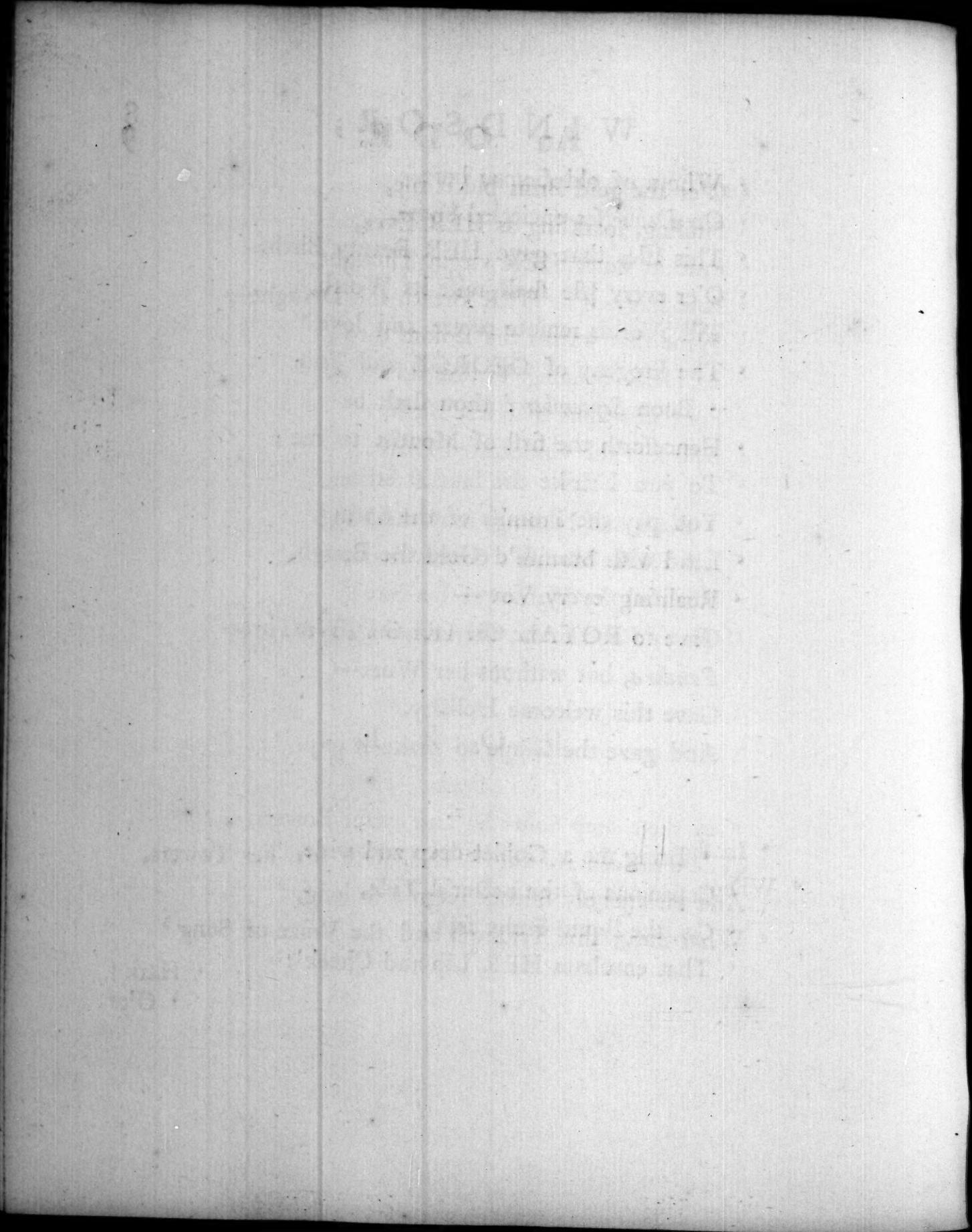


- Whom of old *Latona* bore
- On *Delos'* sea-encircled Shore.
- This Isle, that gave HER Beauty Birth,
- O'er every Isle shall raise its Worth,
- Till Worlds remote revere and love
- The Progeny of **GEORGE** and *Jove*.
- ‘ Boon *September* ! thou shalt be
- Henceforth the first of Months to me ;
- To you I strike the loudest String,
- You pay the Promise of the Spring,
- Load with burnish'd Gold the Bough,
- Realising every Vow---
- Gave to ROYAL CHARLOTTE's Throes
- *Pandora*, but without her Woes---
- Gave this welcome Holiday,
- And gave the Grape to make it gay.

2.

- ‘ Bring me a Goblet deep and wide,
- ‘ Capacious of the nectar'd Tide,
- ‘ Go, the liquid Ruby seek,
- ‘ That emulates HER Lip and Cheek ;

‘ O'er



An O D E.

9

- ‘ O'er the gold Brim bid it rise,
- ‘ Smiling, sparkling as HER Eyes,
- ‘ Pure as flows HER virgin Thought,
- ‘ And fragrant as HER Breath the Draught---
- ‘ Wine that warms the Bosom thro’,
- ‘ As HER opening Virtues do :
- ‘ Pour Libations to HER Birth,
- ‘ And kiss the consecrated Earth.

‘ Blest, and blessing, may the Fair
‘ All HER Mother's Graces share,
‘ With all the Virtues of her Sire !’
He said and smote the sounding Lyre.

VI.

P O P E.

Cento.

- ‘ In these deep Solitudes and awful Bowers,
- ‘ Where heaven-aspiring WINDSOR lifts her Towers,
- ‘ And melancholy Silence reign'd so long,
- ‘ What mean this Triumph and the Voice of Song ?

‘ Hark !

or

2 OCTOBER 1877

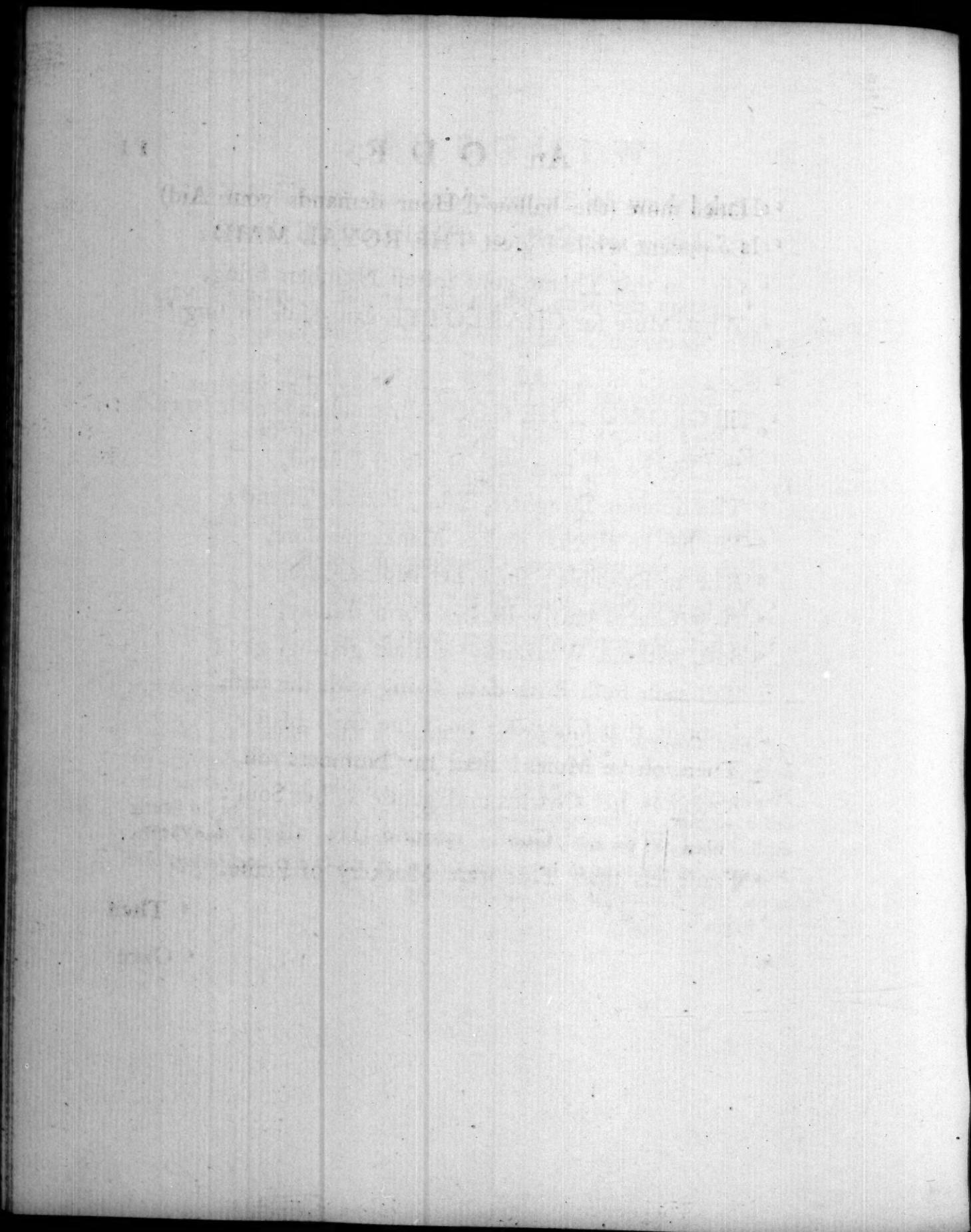
MA. 6' INCHES DIA. 10' INCHES
CROSS SECTION

• Hark ! how the Domes rejoice, and pæan'd Air,
• Is *Salisbury* reviv'd ?* or CHARLOTTE there ?

• Happy the Man, whom this bright Court approves,
• His Sovereign favours, and his Country loves ;
• Such had I been, had Fate my Birth delay'd
• Till GEORGE THE GOOD Britannia's Sceptre sway'd.
• *Faction*, be dumb ; the Patriot's Name shall hide
• No more thy Envy, Avarice and Pride ;
• See, round his Throne the winged *Virtues* spread,
• Fair as the numerous Offspring of his Bed.
• Ye sacred Nine, that all my Soul possess'd,
• Whose Raptures fir'd me, and whose Visions bleſſ'd,

* Joan, Countess of *Salisbury*, in the Reign of King Edward the third, a Lady of incomparable Beauty, dropping her Garter as she was dancing, his Majesty took it up from the Floor ; at which the Nobles that stood about him fell a laughing. Whereupon the King told them that the Time should shortly come, when the greatest Honor imaginable should be paid to that Garter. Neither need this seem to be a mean Original of the Order, considering, that as one faith, *Nobilitas sub amore jacet.* Camden. See Rapin.

• Once



An O D E.

11

- ‘ Once more (the hallow’d Hour demands your Aid)
- ‘ Be present while I greet THE ROYAL MAID :
- ‘ Oh ! to this Theme your softest Numbers bring,
- ‘ What Muse for CHARLOTTE can refuse to sing ?

- ‘ Breathe on her Frame each *Venus* that inspires
- ‘ The Painter’s Pencil, and the Poet’s Fires,
- ‘ Bid her be all, that may the Soul distend,
- ‘ The dutious Daughter, Sister, Patron, Friend ;
- ‘ Bid her be all that makes Mankind adore,
- ‘ Rise to Example ; shew her Mother more ;
- ‘ New Graces yearly let her Form display,
- ‘ Soft, without Weakness, without glaring, gay ;
- ‘ Till each fresh Birth-day, vying with the past,
- ‘ Imprint that Character no Time shall blast ;
- ‘ Then, oh ye Muses ! shall my Numbers roll,
- ‘ Strong as her Charms and gentle as her Soul :
- ‘ Fair ! Wise and Good ! resound thro’ all my Lays—
- ‘ Praise less than This were Mockery of Praise.

‘ Then

‘ Then to the *female* Saint shall Pilgrims come,
‘ And captive Kings Here wait again their Doom,*
‘ The silver *Star* less honour’d than HER Charms,
‘ And Windsor glory more in Love than Arms.’

VII.

And more they fung ; but how should simple Swain,
For ever studious of his pastoral Care,
Have Memory their Raptures to retain ?
Or how repeat their Vows, and not impair ?
Enough for him, should this weak Verse reveal
The Depth of his Respect, and Height of honest Zeal.

Teddington, September XXIX, 1778.

* John, King of France, and David, King of Scots, were Prisoners here together, in the Reign of Edward the third.

The E N D.

W I N D S O R

• Told to the Queen of the Hall. Big and cold
• Queen of the Hall was very angry.
• And she said to the King. "I will have you
• taken away from here." And the King said.
• "And Windsor Castle will be given to me."

• And the Queen said. "I will give you a small
• castle in the forest; but you must never leave it."

• The Queen gave him the castle.

• Queen of the Hall said. "You will
• never leave this castle." And the King said.
• "I will never leave this castle; and if you want
• me to go, then give me a castle to go to."

• The Queen said. "I will give you a castle."

• And the King said. "I will go to the castle. But you must give me a castle to go to."

A H E A D